

You're My Baby, Say It To Me

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You're My Baby, Say It To Me

by [J3llySl0th](#)

Notes

TW for mentions of depression, alcoholism, parental abuse/neglect, and angst galore

Trying to get more descriptive in my writing

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Robin flipped the sign on the shop door to “Closed” and turned off the front room lights. She left the porch light on for when her son got home. He was always out late for some reason, there was no telling when he'd come back! But tonight was different, Robin had to talk to him.

The new farmer had given her a bit of advice, “Go easy on him,” they'd said, “he's going through something rough.” Sebastian never liked to talk about himself, let alone his health. He'd been especially quiet recently, Robin rarely saw him. She waited on the couch, hoping he would show soon. Minutes turned to hours, and at 11pm she was pacing around the living room. What kept him out so long? Was he okay? Is it worse than she thought?

Before she could spiral any further, the door clicked and squeaked open. A black-clad figure stepped inside.

The farmer was right, he did look rough. Even through thick bangs, she could see deep bags under his eyes. He was as pale as a ghost, clearly getting no sunlight. The only part of him that wasn't black or stark white were his slightly bloodshot eyes, like he'd been crying. Robin smoothed out her red-grey hair, trying to play it cool, “Hi, Sebby! You were out so late, welcome home!”

Sebastian looked puzzled, “Hey Mom. You're still up?”

“Yeah, I just couldn't sleep for some reason.” She hoped he couldn't see the concern in her eyes.

“Ok... do you need anything?”

She hesitated, was this really a good time?

Now or never.

“Actually, yeah. I wanted to talk to you about something.”

Oh no. She could practically see his stomach twist.

“It's ok, you're not in trouble!” She tried to reassure him like a child. “Let's go down to your room.”

Sebastian stalked down the basement stairs, gripping the handrail like a lifeline. Much like his clothes, most of his room was dark. What wasn't natural wood was black or some dark color. Fitting for a basement, Robin supposed. It wasn't the cleanest, either. Old wrappers littered his desk, and a nearly-empty bowl of last night's soup sat next to his computer.

He sat on his bed with a soft squeak, followed by his mother. A heavy tension hung in the air.

“So what's this all about?” Sebastian hissed, meaner than he intended. “Sorry.”

“Oh, um- it's just that you seem, well, mopey. More than usual.”

He rolled his eyes, “Gee thanks, Mom.”

“No, really, something's going on. Are you alright, Sebby?” She set a hand on his shoulder.

“I'm fine, just the cold weather, I guess.” He tightened his hoodie over his chest.

“No, not just this season. It feels like you're slipping away, I never see you anymore.” Robin tried to look in her son's eyes, but he kept looking down.

“I'm busy coding, that's all. Just working. That's what you want, right?” He shrugged, brushing her hand away. She held onto his arm instead.

“Well, I like that you're working, but it's not that. I feel like you never talk to us. We're here for you, you know?”

“I'm talking to you right now.”

Robin shook her head sharply,

“Hey, don't sass me, I'm being serious.” She softened again, “Sebby, I'm worried about you. We all are.”

He finally looked up, “And who's 'we'? I don't see anyone else.”

“Your family! Me, Demetrius, Maru-”

He jerked away from her, “What the hell do they know?! They don't care about me!”

Robin's brow furrowed at his words, “They do! Of course they care about you, you're part of this family!” She was trying not to yell, for fear of waking up the house. Sebastian had no such concerns.

“You sure don't act like it! Ever since little golden-girl Maru was born, she's gotten all your love! She got the new games, the new room, the scholarships, the bonding time, you name it! She's your perfect little pride and joy. And where am I?” He jabbed at himself with furious hands, “Rotting in this fucking basement! You left me here, Mom!”

His mother tightened her fists, a surge of anger coming upon her, “I gave her attention because she was a baby!” She groaned in frustration, “Yoba, you're acting just like him!” Sebastian froze, snapping his head towards her.

“Like who?” Robin's words caught up to her, guilt dropping into her stomach like a stone.

“Sebastian, I-”

He shot up from the bed, drilling holes into her soul as he screamed,

“No! Like who? Like Dad? Like the guy who locked me in a closet? Like the guy who gave you black eyes? Like the idiot who almost killed me as a baby? Like that piece of shit who ditched town to go drink himself to death? Am I acting like him? Well, am I?”

Robin sobbed with each accusation, eyes overflowing with years of regret. She stayed seated, turning away from her son. She couldn't bear to look at him, to see him boiling with a fury she hadn't seen in almost two decades. Not since her worst nightmare had slammed the door on her. He wasn't acting like him, he would never lay a hurtful hand on anyone. He was her baby. Her Sebastian.

“No. You're not. You're not him.” She was only partially speaking to her son. “You're right, I did abandon you. And I'll always hate myself for it. It's my fault it turned out like this.”

Sebastian stood stone-still as she spoke.

“I'm sorry, Sebby. All I can say is I'm sorry, I'm so sorry. I should have taken care of you. I should have been a good mom.” She was finally looking at him, hiccuping through her words, “I'm sorry I've hurt you, I didn't know what you were going through. I got tunnel vision focusing on your sister and trying to get my life back together.” She finally stood, legs shaking, “But I hope you know that I love you. I know I don't show it like I ought to, but I really do. You're my baby, nothing will change that.”

As much as Sebastian wanted to fight it, her voice turned the rusted-over tap in his eyes. He choked on the lump in his throat. For the first time he felt he could let it all out. And he did. He wept for his struggles and his mother's.

For the years gone past, wasting away in a cold basement. For the months she spent in all kinds of weather building the cabin they called home. For the sleepless nights festering in self-hatred. For the missed events and forgotten celebrations. They wept together.

He doesn't remember walking up to Robin, but the next thing he knew he was buried in her shoulder releasing over twenty years of pain and longing. Through his hysterics, she just stood there with her arms around him, letting her shirt grow wet with tears. She patted his

back gently, whispering comfort in his ear. “It's alright now, let it out. I'm right here. We'll be alright, baby. Ssh ssh, you're gonna be okay.”

It was as if she'd gone back in time. It seemed like her son had shrunken back to a little boy, hyperventilating in the hallway while a one-man hurricane raged just outside. She would hold his head to her shoulder and sway him back and forth, whispering those same comforts. She swayed now, and though he was much too big to hold like she did, she still found a way to envelop him in her love.

When both of their cries died down, they stayed close to each other. Neither one wanted to pull away, fearing they might lose the other again. Sebastian was the first to speak up, voice still raspy,

“I love you too, Mom. I'm sorry, I didn't want to scream at you.”

Robin shook her head, “It's ok, you had every right to.”

He seemed surprised, “But I-”

She hushed him, “Ssh, not another word.”

She pulled back just enough to face her son, trying not to cry when she saw him, “Oh, my baby. We'll work it out. I want to try again.” Sebastian nodded, as if saying ‘me too’.

End Notes

Thanks for reading, it's only my first Stardew fic so I'm sorry for any inaccuracies.

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